

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 10
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 10, No. 2

Article 1

11-1884

The Messenger, Vol. 10, No. 2

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Recommended Citation

(1884) "The Messenger, Vol. 10, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 10 : No. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol10/iss2/1>

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Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. X.

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 2.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, A. N. BOWERS, W. A. HARRIS; *Philologist*, S. W. HUFF, J. B. LEMON.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

AFTER VACATION.

Again they muster from the far-off hillside,
From country farm-house and from sea-girt shore;
Their tramping feet resound along the highways,
Their gleeful shouts ring on the air once more.

A merry band, so full of youth's elixir,
How can their restless spirits e'er essay
The tasks that wait their patient, steady labor,
After the long, bright summer holiday?

Not now, O children, in the sunny meadow
Ye cull the flowers, or by the brooklet stray,
But in the fields of knowledge, thick with blossoms,
To gather sweets for a far future day.

Here, too, you roam a land of fairest promise,
Watered by many a stream of limpid hue;
Where weary travellers find a sweet refreshment,
And garner richest stores of old and new.

We bid thee welcome to the homes that missed thee,
To the deserted school-room's open door.
The nation's hope is in thee, keep thy birthright;
Thine heritage is more than golden store.

—*The Kingdom of Home.*

VALUE OF INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

[Address before the Philologian Society by E. P. LIPSCOMB.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—As we enter again the classic shades of our *alma mater*, gathered together from where the blue waves of ocean and bay dash their briny foam against the curving beach, or amid the majestic mountains—home of health—and on our grandly-rolling rivers, at the dawn of another session, over whose course come brilliant coruscations from the jewels which glitter at the goal, perhaps no subject could be more appropriate to the occasion than the Value and Importance of Intellectual Culture.

In attempting to discuss so vast a subject, I am deeply conscious of my inability to advance to that broad plane where a sage would lead you; but, as the little row-boat which, though it cannot venture out on the broad expanse of ocean, yet glides along in those same waters which roll along the shore, so, in bringing this subject before you, with the view of impressing you all with its value and importance, I shall hope at least to float in the shallows which are connected with its depths.

I rejoice that our lots have been cast with an institution which stands to-day in the very fore-front of her sisters—an institution which stands like a glowing light in the midst of surrounding darkness, dispelling the shadows of ignorance and flooding Virginia's lovely homes and the stately mansions in the sunny land of our "bonnie" South with the brilliant hues of intelligence. I congratulate you, young gentlemen—you who have come for the first time to quaff the waters of this Pierian fount—that you have found your way to such a source of knowledge. Drink deep, for remember that "*straws* swim upon the surface, but *pearls* lie at the *bottom*," and that

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain.
But drinking deeply sobers us again."

We are assembled here, a company of young men of various qualities of head and heart, and with various possibilities before us;

yet I trust that the prime motive which has brought us together at this temple of learning is the cultivation and development of those God-given powers of mind with which we are endowed, so that, when we shall be called upon to take our places among those who are to guide the affairs of our land, we may be well prepared to assume the vast duties and responsibilities which will then rest upon us.

As a tree is best known by its fruits, so the value of education is best seen in its results. Standing to-day on the mountain heights to which we have advanced, with the blazing light of the nineteenth century shining around and beneath us, and looking back down the aisles of time, we see, all along the way, evidences of the grand achievements of cultivated minds.

The firmament of Grecian history is studded with stars of the first magnitude, which will glow with unfading brilliancy and be admired by the world as long as men delight to look back upon the glories of the past to catch inspiration for the duties of the future. Nowhere recorded on the pages of history do we find grander triumphs of mind than those which graced the sons of Greece. The labors of Lycurgus in framing for Sparta a constitution which made the breasts of her sons her bulwarks of defence, and her mothers' laps the cradle of bravery and independence, have immortalized his name and linked it inseparably and forever with the glories of Sparta; and the actions of Pericles, under whose guiding hand Athens bloomed and blossomed like the rose, form one of the brightest pages of Athenian history. In every period of the history of Greece, there are men whose names shine like the stars when evening bars "the gates of light," and the Day King sinks to rest in the starry bed of night. "Her Homer is immortal, and her Socrates can never be forgotten." The thunders of her Demosthenes, as his soul trembled at the thought of his country's danger, will be remembered as long as oratory holds that high position in the estimation of men which it so justly deserves.

Standing alongside of Greece in the triumphs of mind, Rome can boast of as grand a galaxy of intellectual stars as ever glittered in a nation's sky. The impassioned orations of her Cicero, even when robbed of the living power of the orator, thrill the reader with the magic of their eloquence; and the graceful flow of his *De Senectute*,

like the soft-gliding movement of some peaceful river, charms us with the music of its well-rounded periods and highly polished sentences.

And what words could pay too lofty a tribute to her Virgil?—that grandest and most sublime of all her poets. The youth of the nineteenth century who is not thrilled by his lofty flights, has neither poetry in his soul nor brains behind his brow. It matters not whether we follow him when Neptune rises from his watery realms and lashes the sea into fury and Jove shakes Olympus with his thunder, or when Æneas passes the entrance to Pluto's realms where flit the Gorgons and Harpies through its dismal shadows, there is that same beauty of diction and sublimity of style which cannot fail both to charm the fancy and inspire the mind with feelings akin to awe and reverence.

Time would fail me to speak of all her poets, orators, and statesmen whose names shine with undiminished lustre on the pages of her history. These are only cited as illustrations of the achievements of cultivated minds.

All along through the gathering shades of the past, there are such names which glow with their own radiance amid the deepening gloom which is settling over the lesser lights of departed days. In the arts and sciences, in the kingdoms of philosophy and in the fields of literature, there are immortal names which will be cherished in the memory of men until the wheel of time shall stop its revolutions and the trumpet-blast of the archangel shall proclaim that time shall be no more.

The great actors have passed from the stage, but their names and their deeds are embalmed with the memory of their country. Rome is magnificent even in her ruins.

The deathless page will herald to the generations the glories of her palmy days. Her stately temples, her splendid theatres, her baths, her aqueducts, and her military roads, all speak in words of living force of the glory of her former power. The tourist is impressed with the ancient splendor of Greece as he wanders through the ruins of her deserted temples, or stands beneath the shadow of some crumbling monument which commemorates the valorous deeds of some of her great heroes.

The marble lion at Thermopylæ will ever live in history to commemorate the patriotic death of Leonidas and his heroic three-hundred ; and the monument erected to Miltiades on the plain of Marathon will ever stand out prominently on one of the brightest pages of Athenian history, heralding to the generations the memorable triumph of Athenian arms which restored the fading glory of Athens and swept the shadows of oriental despotism from the fairest countries of Europe. And must we turn to the buried past alone to breathe inspiration from the noble deeds of the illustrious dead ? Are there not in the firmament of our own history, stars which glitter with equal brilliancy to any that ever shone in the brightest constellations that ever decked a nation's sky ? Among the stately trees which wave their graceful arms over our Capitol Square, there stands a monument which, in its masterly perfection, commands the admiration of the world. Seated upon his noble Charger, in martial attire, with his hand uplifted and pointing forward as if leading the brave spirits of Independence to battle and to victory, is "a warrior, true and brave, a son of Virginia, the Father of his country." Beneath and around that proud figure are the statues of America's greatest spirits. Near by is another soldier, whose memory is yet fresh in every Southern heart ; while under the shade-trees of Lexington and beneath the shadow of the noble institution which bears his name, rests the figure of his great commander—the illustrious and immortal Lee. As a nation, we are yet in the freshness of our youth. What we are destined to accomplish, the unborn future has yet to disclose. If while thus in the spring-time of our career, we can boast of such a trio as Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, along with others not far beneath them, no dream of the future can overrate our possibilities.

We are living to day in the most advanced age of civilization the world has ever known. In the arts and sciences, man's achievements almost stun the mind to contemplate them. He has bridged the mad streams which roll in grandeur and magnificence through our valleys and plains ; he has tunnelled the massive mountain, and sent the gigantic locomotive thundering through its dark bosom ; he has snatched the lightning from the heavens and with it girdled the earth, and flashes intelligence with the speed of thought to distant lands, regardless of the roar of ocean's billows or the howling

of the storms which sweep over the mountain's brow. In science he has studied out the causes and effects of the phenomena which we behold about us, so that to-day he can explain the roaring of the storm-clouds when they rush together before the tempest's sweep, or the dancing of the lightning across their frowning faces, when they reel and stagger back beneath the crash of the deafening collision. In the walks of science there are beauties and wonders revealed to us which, before man's researches brought them to light, were unknown and unnoticed. We admire the green foliage which mantles the trees when nature bursts the bars of winter's prison-house and assumes her smiling robes again ; but the study of science discloses wonders there, which would otherwise remain unnoticed.

In every leaf that dances before the breath of the morning zephyrs, there are thousands of pores from which is emitted oxygen,—the great life-giving and life-sustaining element ; and that same leaf imbibes from the atmosphere a deadly gas, which, if it were allowed to accumulate, would soon result in universal death.

The discovery of oxygen, along with its wonderful properties, by Priestley, has made his name dear to every lover of science. To his sleeping dust the sighing winds will ever dirge their requiems, and with the heroes and martyrs of science his name will be associated forever.

Among the men whose memories should be enshrined nearest our hearts, none are more deserving this honor than those who labored, suffered, and died for the advancement of science. When we remember that these great master-spirits lived in an age when "death was the price of an opinion that differed from prevailing views," and that they paid with their lives for the sublime truths which they advanced, we are only paying due tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead, when we exclaim, Immortal heroes, live forever in the heart of man, which is your rightful and eternal kingdom ; let the winds, which scattered the ashes of your funeral piles, waft to the generations the record of your glorious deeds ; let the dews of heaven, as they fall on the spot, thrice sacred as the place whence your spirits went up to the God of martyrs, bathe in tears of regret your time-honored ashes ; and from that spot let there rise, like sweet incense, an influence which will flow on down the stream of time until the

last wave from that rolling river shall be swallowed up forever in the dark ocean of eternity.

Astronomy will ever bend in humble reverence to its great sire, the immortal Copernicus. For twenty long years his thoughts roamed in the heavens and followed the flying planets through space. As the result of that labor, he gave to the world the sublime theory that the earth is a mere speck in a vast universe, revolving about the sun with a regular motion and obeying laws yet undiscovered, but as unchangeable as is the Architect of Creation.

Amid the storm-blasts of opposition to that theory which arose, there appeared, proudly defiant before its fury, two votaries who maintained, at the expense of their lives, the everlasting truths advanced by their great predecessor. These men were Bruno, "the martyr of science," who, amid the death-agonies at the stake, remained loyal to the truths which he supported, and Galileo, "the towering genius, the high-priest of the stars, the father of science." To his memory the starry spheres will hymn their praises as long as the telescope sweeps the immensity of space. Science, the lovely handmaid of civilization, has broadened and deepened and steadily advanced since the days of this great, heroic spirit until to-day scientific investigation extends from the invisible atom of earth and air to the starry orbs which plow the ocean depths of space.

Such is a picture of the achievements of man which a brief and imperfect glance presents to us; and if such are the triumphs of cultivated minds, how *important* it is, young gentlemen, that we should avail ourselves of the golden opportunities which are here afforded us for intellectual culture and development.

The powers and possibilities of the mind are almost incalculable and bounded only by the infinite. What it *has* done is but an intimation of what it may yet do. Could the great spirits who move to-day in majesty through the realms of thought arise from their graves a hundred years hence, and behold the wondrous march of civilization, doubtless they would blush to see how insignificant were their works when compared with the achievements of another century. And this is not altogether a wild speculation. The present, as compared with the past, warrants us in the inference that the future will be equally in advance of the present. Would Fulton, if

he were to rise from his grave to-day, recognize the imposing ocean-steamer, as she moves majestically through the bursting billow, as only an improvement of his own imperfect steamboat? Would Watt ever imagine that the gigantic steam-horse speeding across continents to-day was only the perfected engine which *he* gave to the world? Civilization is advancing with rapid strides, and if we expect to keep pace with its onward movement, and stand in the front rank of those who are to guide the affairs of this great nation, we must go forth upon this broad stage of action with our minds so fully developed that we will be able to grapple successfully with all the great problems which will confront us.

Away forever with this erroneous idea of a partial education—an acquaintance with only a few subjects, while the broad fields stretching out before us “in endless perspective” are inviting us on to conquest and to fame.

How many young men, who have the ability to become renowned in the world, are disregarding this important fact and going forth upon the field of action, half developed, half prepared to meet the vast duties and responsibilities which they must there assume. And what is the consequence of this rashness? Our professions are overstocked with second-rate men who are a disgrace to the noble pursuits which they pretend to follow, and who are covering themselves with shame, and disgusting the world with their inglorious failures. Learn a lesson, young gentlemen, from the sad experience of those who have thus gone out before you, and determine to lay for yourselves here a foundation upon which, in after years, you will be able to build a superstructure which will reflect honor upon yourselves, honor upon your society, and honor upon your noble *alma mater*. The men who are now guiding the Ship of State, the Car of Science, and the Armies of Immanuel, are passing away and taking their places “in the procession of the dead.” Upon you will soon devolve the duties of filling their responsible positions. On the rostrum, at the bar, behind the sacred desk, in the walks of science, in the realms of literature, and on the far-off fields of heathen lands, directing those outcast wanderers to something higher and nobler than the world, you will be soon called upon to take your places. Be up and doing, for ere long the morning of your day of action will

be dawning, and then you will be able to go forth "to the duties of the present and the triumphs of the future." You may not all mount at once on the popular wave and be borne to honor and preferment: you may not all have some leading spirit to herald your virtues to the world and open for you the road to eminence; but, by honest and determined effort you will finally rise on your own merits, and admiring millions will point to you as heroes whom the world delights to honor. Be courageous, then, make the most of every flying moment, and in after ages, when a new constellation shall spring forth into the firmament of our history, standing forth prominently in magnitude and splendor will be seen your names, like the glittering stars, imparting lustre to your memory, and shedding upon the record of your fame, the very incense of immortality.

MENS SANA IN SANO CORPORE.

What is more valuable than a sound mind? A clear, comprehensive mind, a mind quick to think, quick to conclude, and quick to do the right thing? Is wealth more desirable, or has health a richer store? Were we investigating the worth of any designated portion of material substance, we would naturally inquire into its location before forming an estimate of its value; and since the state of the body influences the state of the mind, we ought to inquire into the condition of the body before deciding as to the worth of the mind.

Here are two mighty railroad engines, made to hold thousands of pounds of steam. The fire is just as hot and the boilers just as large in the one as in the other. One dashes along with lightning speed and majestic pride, making the valleys alive and busy by its usefulness to mankind. It speaks, and the mountains resound its praises, the valleys carry on the echo, and the plains tremble beneath its power. The other is stopped by every snow, or sleet, or rain. For a while it dashes along in sunshine and in glory. It turns a curve, meets a storm, and puffs in agony with its load, while its train of cars remains unmoved. No dependence is to be placed in it, no

traveller is willing to trust it to join him with an important connection. Why this difference? Both generate the same quantity of steam. But in the one, all this energy of the steam is concentrated into one channel where it is converted into locomotive power; while in the other, much energy is lost by broken valves and wrecked machinery. So a powerful mind in an unsound body cannot concentrate itself on the issues of the day, but is changed according to the weather, and divided at all times into as many portions as there are aches and pains in the body to summon its attention.

And moreover, if we desire great usefulness and power in an engine, we make one of gigantic proportions, so that its driving-wheels and iron bars may be strong enough to display the hidden power within. Likewise, if we desire great mental power, we ought to take the greater pains to build up and strengthen that machinery through which this unseen power is to communicate its transactions.

It seems strange that in an age so progressive as this, our ablest men and best educators should overlook to such a great extent a matter of so much importance. How often have the trustees of nearly every college in our land assembled on the stage amidst the imposing scenery of a commencement, and witnessed the graduating class receive the highest honors of their *alma mater*, while each graduate showed in his countenance delicate health and a worn-out constitution?

Ask the thousands of dyspeptics where they first fell victim to their troublesome disease. And yet the pale-faced graduate is applauded long and loud for his apparent great achievement even by the learned trustees, who fail to see that the axe is already laid unto the tree and its vigor checked forever.

But a revolutionary time is coming. Already the Patrick Henrys are on the rostrums. Patrons are exclaiming that a rebellion is inevitable and must come. And the students with one accord, from all over our land, cry out, "Let it come!" "Let it come!" Gymnasiums are being erected and calisthenics recommended at all colleges. Athletic games are provided for, and students urged to participate in them. Physical exercise for strong mental activity is the grandest philosophy of our day. "A good physiology is essential to a good

phrenology," said a northern writer many years ago, and the world has found that his thoughts were good, however objectionable his expression may have been.

But what are the characteristics of a sound mind? Thoughtfulness and judgment are its predominating traits, and a guarded conversation its most common dress. It never assumes the air of a dude, nor wears the apparel of the sloven. A sound mind does not act on itself to show its own brilliancy. Its mission is a grander end, its motives purer born. Its aims are self-sacrificing. Its eyes do not sparkle with *ego*, nor its tongue speak guile. It may not have had the privileges of a collegiate education, but if it ever has the chance, it soon learns to take broad and comprehensive views of things, pushes aside fanatics and effeminate minds, comes to the front, finds itself always in demand and always in company with the good. It does not seek positions, but positions seek it. The pulpit, the bar, or the country's welfare will seek him for their ornament, even though he be ploughing in the field when their messengers come.

A good teacher is an excellent thing, but a sound mind is a better one. It is not that our country lacks efficient teachers, but young men of sufficient calibre to retain the truths taught them, that our country most needs. Give a sculptor a fine quality of stone, and he can cut, grind, or chisel off the rough corners, until after awhile the glorious features of a marble angel are brought out in beauty and expression. But a soft, coarse-grained stone he can never convert into a creditable piece of workmanship. From this fact is derived the proverb, "Send a blockhead to college, and the more books you pile on his head, the bigger blockhead he'll be."

Some one has said that in the United States there are fifty millions of people, mostly fools; and whether this be true or not, we do know that young men of brilliant talents are very scarce, and when we do find one possessing these qualities, every one urges him to go to college and rush through a curriculum of study, seeking to win a reputation by his fast progress and quick achievements, and to stand high in the estimation of the world. The youth, led on by ambition and rivalry, sacrifices his health unconsciously and without warning. Are not his professors responsible for it? But be that as it may, he

is now either to fill an early grave or suffer out his threescore year in fretful, irritated health, while affliction buries his brilliant talents in the valley of oblivion.

O, young man, awake to a sense of your duty ! Have you a sound mind ? Then, look to your health. Cultivate bodily strength with mental ability. It is a very common thing to see weak minds in strong and robust bodies, and almost as common to see strong and powerful minds in weak and delicate bodies. The explanation is apparent. The cultivation of one is usually followed by neglecting the other. Education is good, health is better ; but a combination of the two is best.

It is not necessary to have a large or fleshy body to warrant health. The elements of a sound body are often developed most abundantly in a small frame. Neither is strength a measure of health. For a powerful machine, though much out of order, may accomplish more work than a well-trimmed smaller one in the same length of time. If man is indeed a self-adjusting locomotive, then strength is its working power and health its working order. As the machinery is greased and brightened and rubbed until each wheel and bar and combination is ready to perform its proper function in the most efficacious manner, so the body should be active, supple, and clean, with its liver, lungs, and system performing their respective duties according to the unbroken laws of nature.

The divine law may be broken, and no visible marks of punishment seen on the transgressor while here on earth ; the moral and civil laws may be violated, and no accuser present himself nor consequence betray the deed ; but when the laws of health are disregarded, the penalty must be paid—sooner or later the offender is arrested. Ignorance is no plea, nor inadvertence an excuse. The punishment must come, and in proportion to the offence.

Students soon learn the laws of gravitation, of light, of chemical combinations, and even of thought itself, but rarely observe the laws of health until the punishment draws their attention to the cause of the gloomy consequence.

What is man without health ? An object of pity, a burden to his family, and a bore to himself. Of what value to the world is his educated mind ? A citadel without a wall, where pains, like raven-

ing wolves, make the long nights hideous with their devouring groans; a nation without a fleet, a king without an army, exposed to the mercies of every foe.

Pythagoras had written above his school-room door, "*Let no man enter here who is ignorant of geometry;*" and to this day, more questions are asked about a student's mental preparation than his physical. What! Put a long course of study before a student whose health is impaired already? Shorten his life and make wretched his days? Is not this characteristic of the wisdom of some of our popular institutions of learning? Our own Richmond College for a long time neglected this most important consideration, but is now awake to a sense of her duty in preparing for her patrons every needed comfort for the physical wants of her many students. Observe the advantages she has for mental training, her conveniences and the ability of her Faculty; then inspect her museum and library, her literary halls and lecture rooms. What powerful advantages are these, and what glorious opportunities are afforded by them to cultivate the minds and burnish the intellects of all who seek from her a sound mind. But the visitor is not through yet with his observations. See the broad campus, the shade-trees, and the short, green grass, kept so neat and beautiful. Here is an abundant space for athletic games and social amusement. But, even more than that, we have a very fair gymnasium, with every prospect of improvement as necessity may demand. And every apartment is kept neat, and cleanliness prevails around the buildings to such an unusual extent, that every close observer can see that the health of the students is considered in the transactions of the Faculty. Let every student join in the chorus of praise for the faithful labors of our kind benefactors in assisting us in our efforts to obtain "a sound mind in a sound body."

CANTO.



COMPANY.

One of the strongest feelings implanted in the human breast is the desire for company. It is the one ruling and universal passion of the world. Whether we look at the most degraded savages or at the most enlightened society, we see this desire strongly manifested. It shows itself in the child, as he begins, almost from infancy, to look about him for playmates and continues with him all through his life, his companions changing according as his ideas and desires change. Animals go in flocks and herds; men work, plan, and frolic together. It was one of the designs of the Creator that it should be so. The hearts of men clamor for company.

The privilege of association was bestowed upon man as a gift, and if properly attended to, will bring the highest blessings. It is a great opportunity thrown out to them, which they may use or abuse, just as they will. The happiness of individuals depends largely upon their having company. It dispels gloom. A crowd is not a good place for trouble. It shows the bright side of life. Men are stronger and happier when they join hands with their fellow-men. They will do things in secret, which they dare not do before the world. But it has its dangers also. Just as the desires and passions of men may bring upon them injury and guilt in other things, so also it sometimes works harm in their choice of companions. Indeed, with the great mass of men, it can hardly be called a choice. They do not think enough to choose. They drift with the popular tide into any company. They are far more careful in choosing a horse than they are in choosing a companion. They seem to look upon it as one of the common, every-day affairs of life, and they leave it to take care of itself. The world is filled with wrecked characters, caused by careless and dangerous association. A man who is indifferent and careless in choosing his companions is like one out upon

the mighty ocean, drifting with the current, with dangers on all sides.

A man's character and destiny is influenced to a great extent by his company. He conforms more and more to the quality of the company he keeps. The members of a crowd all tend to the same level. It must be so. Men may think they are proof against its power, but they are mistaken. The contagious effect of company is unconscious, but almost irresistible. You can tell a boy by the company he keeps. It is a book wherein you can read his character, his habits, and, to a great extent, his future. And this is natural. Men seek their company where their tendencies and inclinations lead them. They go where they can give vent, and find a response to their own passions and emotions. Bad men mingle with the bad. Wise men with the wise. Scholarly men seek the company of scholars. Loafers and idlers go together. Thieves work with thieves. A man's company is the little world in which he is to move and act. Just as this widens and extends, so also does his knowledge and influence. He is dependent upon it for his richest experience and information. He is like a centre of some great telegraphic system, receiving knowledge from every direction. It is as if several men should throw their possessions into a common stock, and each have the use and benefit of it all. But it not only increases the storehouse from which he is to draw forth such rich support, but it gives him a larger field in which he may use his own knowledge and carry out his own plans. It increases the sphere of his usefulness and influence. Men cannot exert much power who live by themselves. The circle of a man's friends is so much territory in which he can work. It is the safest foundation upon which he may hope to perfect his greatest plans.

The man who would move this world must first move the hearts of men, and the surest way of doing this is to mingle with them.

MAL E. SCRIPTUM.

THE STARS.

Look at the stars, the twinkling stars,
So distant yet so bright !
The glitt'ring stars, the diamonds
In the diadem of night.

The stars, those gems of beauty,
That scorn the dazzling rays
By which the earth is tortured
In the sultry summer *days*.

They always wait till ev'ning—
The queenly maid of night
Invites them out to twinkle
And give the earth their light,

And then, like happy maidens,
They gently come to view,
And smile while gentle zephyr
Refreshes earth with dew.

Like them let me be modest,
And little notice claim
While stranger minds shall dazzle
The world, in search of fame.

Be not my talents dazzling
Like th' scorching summer's sun,
But rather let them glitter,
As the stars have always done.

The stars are great musicians ;
They often fill the air
With songs of love and friendship
Designed for maidens fair.

My soul has oft translated
The songs the stars have sung,
In the distant long ago,
In the days when I was young,

As in some quiet arbor.
 Or 'neath some list'ning tree,
 My girl—my own sweet Lucy—
 Heard the breeze, the stars, and me,

And the stars are singing still.
 And you their songs may hear
 If you only listen will
 With a sympathetic ear.

P. L.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We have entered the editorial sanctum, and are preparing to follow the example of our predecessors by bowing. After searching the sanctum in vain, we are at a loss to know upon what to base our bow, the "editorial shoes," its sole occupant, over which so many corps of editors have made their bows, being worn out, and the financial condition of the *Messenger* is such that it is not deemed prudent to get a new pair at present. Being therefore deprived of our base by the financial condition of the *Messenger*, we think this a good subject upon which to base our remarks. The *Messenger* is not supported by its friends as their professions of love for it would warrant. Its financial condition at the beginning of this session was rather discouraging, but by an assessment and renewed effort on the part of our Business Manager, it has been relieved of its embarrassment, and now if its friends would only support it as they should, a prosperous future awaits it. Some of the students are not supporting the *Messenger*. While some are manfully putting their shoulders to the wheel, others are shirking duty. "Boys," stand by the *Messenger*, for when you withdraw your support from it you virtually withdraw it from the Literary Societies. You can also support it other than pecuniarily. How often have the editors to declare that the *Messenger* is not *theirs*, but *yours*. We are elected but to arrange your matter for publication.

While a few of the students do *not* support the *Messenger*, a *very* few of our alumni *do* support it. We are now making a bold effort to place the *Messenger* on a permanent basis financially. Can't you

help us by subscribing to it? And you who are in business, advertise in the *Messenger*. It is true its circulation is not large, yet it is not restricted to any one locality, and it enters many homes where it is looked for as fondly as a letter from the absent member who is here at college, and where *every* page is scanned with the keenest interest.

The Fair, with its toy balloons, side-shows, and jugglers, has come and gone, and almost all classes were "taken in" by some of the many deceptions. As a matter of course, the "college boys" were not an exception. The hoax known as "The Little Mouse" seemed to have a special fascination for them. We can't account for this, unless it be the relationship which exists between a large number of them and this little animal (they being rats). *Some* of the students have displayed singular ingenuity in tracing relationship with the young ladies of the several institutes of the city; while *others* have to stand out in the cold because they can't trace their relationship to the fortieth cousin. These young men would be more grateful for the discovery of the missing link in the chain of their relationship with these young ladies than for the discovery of the missing link between a man and a monkey, regardless of its scientific importance.

We understand that our college is to be represented in the general educational exhibit at the World's Fair to be opened in New Orleans, December 1st next. Gen. Eaton, commissioner, has sent suggestions for a good display in the way of drawings, plans of buildings, course of instruction, &c. This is an excellent plan for calling attention to our college in comparison with others.

We are glad to know that Dr. Ryland has taken the matter in hand, and will have the college thoroughly represented. He is now having the photograph of the Faculty taken to exhibit. The good looks of our Faculty has always been a source of pride among the boys, and we are now glad the world at large is to be given a chance

to coincide with our opinion. We can't help but feeling slighted, though, that they did not send for the photographs of the boys. Had they, we feel sure the Doctor would have sent them, disastrous as it might be to the display of the college, so much is he disposed to humor the boys.

The "new students," or "rats," are becoming so ingrafted with our interests, and endeared to us by so many ties of friendship, that under normal circumstances it is hard to distinguish them from the "old students"; but let the fire-bells ring, and one would think from the way they race "down town," that the Pied Piper of old (who charmed so many rats by his sweet music) was piping to them. The "old students" are not so anxious to go. "A burnt child fears the fire," although in this case it is, the not seeing fire enough to burn them, that has cured them of going to fires.

Mr. E. B. Pollard, a student of the college, has been appointed Assistant Librarian. This gentleman is especially suited for the position, by reason of his native ability and his having catalogued the books. His being familiar with the books will enable him to be of great service to those who know what kind of book they want, yet don't know its name.



LOCALS.

Foot-ball!

Go down with her!

Let me go! I haven't got the ball.

Oh! sacred right of a Roman citizen! Yet there is a right more sacred than that, even of a Roman citizen. What is that right? It is the right of every man to his own toes.—*Civis*.

Mr. W., while passing the marble-works on Grace street, remarked upon the beauty of the tombstones in "that graveyard."

Mr. H., Jr., being much pleased with a description of the Dime Museum, inquired how much it cost to go in, and said if it didn't cost too much he would go. When told by one who had just "set up" to two, that it cost thirty cents, he said it was too much, he couldn't go.

Prof. of Phil.: "Mr. L., what is the structure of the heart?"

Mr. L.: "It is"—

Prof.: "Mr. L., is the heart solid, or is it hollow?"

Mr. L.: "It is solid."

We might comment on this but for the advice of our predecessor.

Some of the students have a practice of gathering after supper around the stairs which lead up into the college building, and testing the strength of the coat-tails of those who try to go up. Several nights ago our portly chairman, on the way to his office, was ascending the stairs, when Mr. P., thinking him to be one of the students,

"caught on." For some time there was a contest between Mr. P., with his feet firmly braced against the bottom step, and the Professor's superior weight; but the Professor, finding his coat to be in a critical condition, turned and faced his antagonist, whereupon he easily won the victory.

Mr. L., seeing in the advertising space of a street-car the notice, "This space at 10 cents per month," and thinking the purchaser would be entitled to that much space on a seat, remarked to a friend that he believed he "would take a space, as he rode right often, and it would be a saving business."

Mr. T. was speaking of a young lady whom he had seen "down town," and when asked whether she was good-looking, he said, "She *looked* like she might be right good-looking."

Mr. H., while passing through the main building at the Fair, met a young lady of his acquaintance, and was enjoying her society immensely, when she remarked that she hadn't had any breakfast, and that "that bread certainly did look nice." A respectable game of marbles might have been played on Mr. H.'s coat-tail, had it been long enough, so great was his haste to reach the other end of the hall.

Prof. : "Mr. H., what are you *declining*?"

Mr. H. : "Old woman."

Prof. : "I don't blame you, Mr. H.; most young men do."

A few evenings ago several young ladies were crossing the "campus," when some of the boys, thinking it a good opportunity

to have some fun out of Mr. C., told him the young ladies had called for him. With some difficulty he overtook them, and lifting his hat in a manner that would have made a "professional dude" jealous, he inquired whether any of them wanted "to see Mr. C." We suppose they did not, from the hasty manner in which he retreated.

Mr. A.'s neighbors were aroused in the small hours of each night by a hammering in his room. They determined to investigate the matter, but a party known generally as "The Toe-Pullers" (although the individuals who compose that party are *not* known generally) anticipated them, and found his door to be "nailed up." Mr. A. thus describes his experience on the night which he neglected to nail his door :

"What cares a man who at dead of night
Enters my room with a rope and a light,
Leaves one end outside of the door
And places the other around my toe;
He then steps back with a gentle tread
And quietly pulls me out of bed;
The more I hollowed or the louder I squalled,
The faster he pulled me down the hall."

But, thanks to our chairman's acceptable lecture, that is a thing of the past.

Mr. H. feels much flattered by the interest several young ladies "down town" have manifested in him. Two remarked as he passed, that they were "glad Mr. H. had gotten a long-tail coat."

We congratulate you, H., yet we would advise you to be shy of girls who "havn't had any breakfast," for the only lacking essential condition for that game of marbles being now supplied, you might yet become a field for action.

Conversation at the dinner-table :

Ministerial: "Cleveland is an uncle of mine, and I am going to write to him; I might get something 'soft.'"

Mr. M.: "Preachers don't hold public offices."

Ministerial: "How about *Ministers* to foreign countries?"

Mr. M.: "The President has nothing to do with them, and besides they are not officers of public trust."

The laughter of those who had heard this discussion prevented further debate, and at last accounts M. hadn't seen the joke.

Two Sen. Latin men: "Canto":—"E., I am writing a piece for the *Messenger* on 'Mens Sana in Sano Corpore.' "

Mr. E.: "Well, 'Canto,' you've got a *sanus corporis*." Pulling down his lexicon. "Bejabbers, and corpus is neuter. Body neuter! Behanged if it is in English. 'Canto,' you have a *sanum corporis*, then."

"Canto": "A *mens sana* would say *sanum corpus*."



PERSONALS.

Alexander Fleet, session '71-'72, who has for some time filled the pulpit of the Baptist church in Tappahanock, was recently joined with one of the fair ones of Essex in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Roger Gregory, session '82-'83, visited his college friends during the fair.

W. P. Wyer, session '83-'84, is teaching in Caroline county.

Jim Gunter, Frank Puryear, W. W. Talley, W. B. Thornhill, and W. J. H. Bohannon, session '83-'84, and Chas. Puryear, session '81-'82, are at the University of Virginia. Gunter is applying for B. L., Frank and Charley Puryear for C. E., and Talley and Thornhill for M. D. Bohannon is taking an academic course.

Richard Washington, A. B., session '81-'82, paid us a visit not long since. He is now assistant professor in Bowling Green Male Academy.

G. C. Bundick, A. B., session '83-'84, is teaching in Accomac county.

Reuben Garnett, who has been filling the chair of Greek in Georgetown College, Kenn., is resting this year. John E. Wyatt, another A. M. of Richmond College, supplies his position. We heard that Reuben was thinking of going to Europe.

L. R. Hamberlin is teaching in Tennessee.

F. W. McKay is studying law in Front Royal, Va.

L. D. Shumate, '82-'83, having become tired of "single blessedness," has joined the matrimonial ranks.

T. J. Shipman visited us the other day, and brought with him a large amount of facial vegetation.

The noble fellows that Richmond College this session sent to the Seminary showed their patriotic love for their *alma mater* by subscribing to the *Messenger*—every one of them.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchanges this month are largely given up to discussing political questions. Although this is a contest of unusual importance and excitement, and one in which the greatest colleges of our land have played a conspicuous part, yet we think a college paper forgets its mission when its principal literary articles are political discussions. The thousands of political newspapers fully supply the demand for such literature.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* comes to us in neat form, and contains some highly interesting literary matter. Its article on "Lost History" is especially well written. It contains an article on the "Political Issues."

The *College Speculum*, from the Agricultural College, of Lansing, Mich., contains a long list of personals and an interesting collection of general college news. Its remaining columns are chiefly devoted to agricultural and scientific subjects.

We find the thoughts and doings of the Lutherville Seminary pleasantly reflected in the *Seminarian*.

The *Fordham College Monthly* is one of our most ably conducted exchanges. Its article on the "Unity of the Human Race" shows deep thought, and reflects great credit upon its author.

The *Varsity*, from Toronto, Ont., is a large paper, and contains a vast amount of college news, but is utterly devoid of literary matter.

The *Earlhamite* contains a long and enviable array of literary articles. "Tendencies in our Civilization," "Sovereignty of States,"

"Some changes in Educational Ideals," and others, are articles which furnish food for thought.

The *Roanoke Collegian* enters our sanctum in bright and attractive garb and contains some quite interesting reading matter. It seems to keep thoroughly abreast with the college it represents.

At a joint meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

"Resolved, That we, the members of these two literary societies, confine our patronage, as much as possible, to the parties advertising in our organ."

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